

BALLADS OF THE WEST



WILL HARVEY

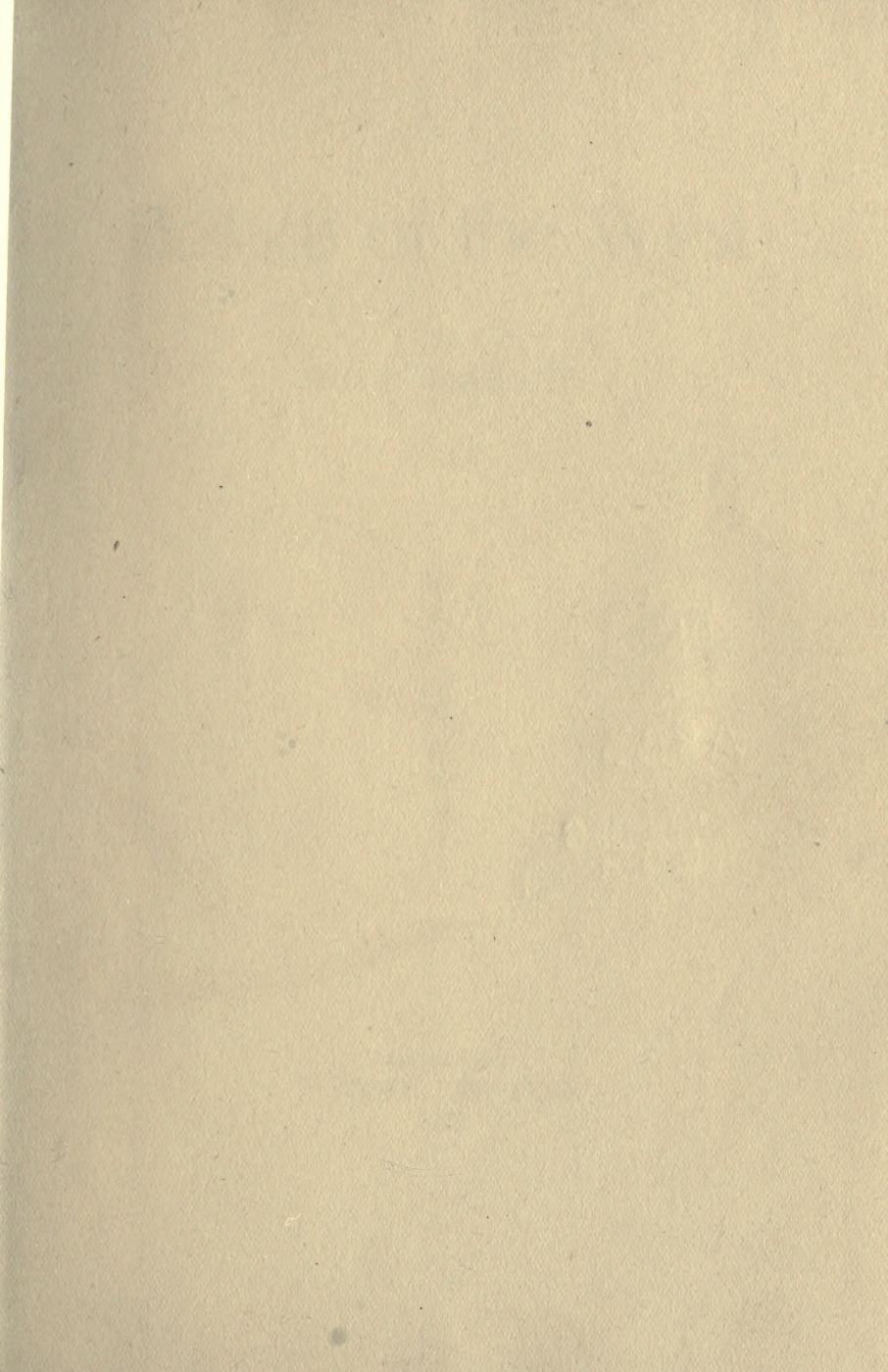
PS
8515
A8B3


MS-W13B

#74

Complements of

J. D. Author

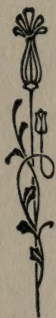




Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

Ballads of the West

By *Earl*
WILL HARVEY



Vancouver:
PACIFIC PRINTERS
1920

Ballads of the West



PS
8515
A8B3

700256
29.4.59

Copyright Canada, 1920
By
Will Harvey.

To the Memory of
"MONTANA SLIM,"
1914-15.

PRELUDE.

If you have e'er in fancy, dwelt again

There, where the plateau hearkens to the dawn,

Or where the massive mountain meets the plain,

Or where the lone trail wanders here and yon;

If you have ever breathed one potent breath

And sent your soul, unshackled far and free,

To where Apollo sings of life and death,

Then have you known the golden west with me.

If still to you the round-up campfire gleams,

If still you love th' untrodden way, forsooth

Then have you bathed mid mild Bimini's streams

And known once more, the joy of endless youth;

If you have known the canyon's deep abyss,

Or known the heights, where rests the eagle's nest,

And felt the winter's blast or spring rain's kiss,

Then have you know with me, the golden west.

If you have known the fare of fight and feud,

There, where the silent sage-brush meets the eye,

Or, if perchance the memories intrude

Of sun-baked chaparral or cloudless sky;

If reminiscence linger cheerily

Of pack and saddle, mid youth's galliard quest,

Then have you known, and known aright with me

The youthful glamour of the golden west.

CONTENTS

	Page
PRELUDE	11
If you have e'er in fancy, dwelt again.	
CAMPS OF THE WEST	19
Where ever smoke curled over fires.	
TO THE KNIGHTS OF THE SADDLE	21
Knights of the Saddle! The wide west is calling.	
THE SONG OF THE DYING WEST	23
Then the grazing maverick knew neither line nor limit.	
THE BALLAD OF THE BROKEN PUNCHER	25
Yu' can sing o' gay romance.	
THE BALLAD OF LOCOED LEM	27
Now Lem didn't savvy th' meanin' o' fear.	
WESTWARD HO!	31
"Aye, Westward Ho!" the caveman cried.	
THE DANCER'S DREAM	33
With only you and I beneath the stars, Jim.	
DIXIE	34
Under Arizony's sun on th' ol' time "fightin' gun," when th' last, tired puncher straggies in for night.	

CONTENTS

	Page
THE SONG OF THE SKINNER - - - -	37
I ain't no profit talkin' to th' stars.	
THE STAMPEDE - - - - -	40
God! but they're bearing down!	
THE FEUD - - - - -	44
Young Black McKay, of the X-Bar-L, was hating in various ways.	
THE SAVAGE HEART - - - - -	51
He heard the tom-toms, there in lands afar.	
DON'T PASS 'EM UP - - - - -	52
Life's a gamble, as yu' ramble thru th' world yu'll allus find.	
THE TINHORN'S LAMENT - - - - -	53
We had shuffled that deck the livelong day.	
THE GOLD DUST FLAME - - - - -	54
Yu've heard o' me afore yu' laid yore eyes upon my fallin' pride, a-loungin' here.	
THE PUNCHER'S ADIEU - - - - -	57
Good-bye, ol' hoss! I'm goin'.	
THE DESERT DEATH - - - - -	58
Only vast sand-dunes stretch for endless miles.	
THE FUGITIVE - - - - -	61
He loved the open freedom of that land of long-horn steer.	

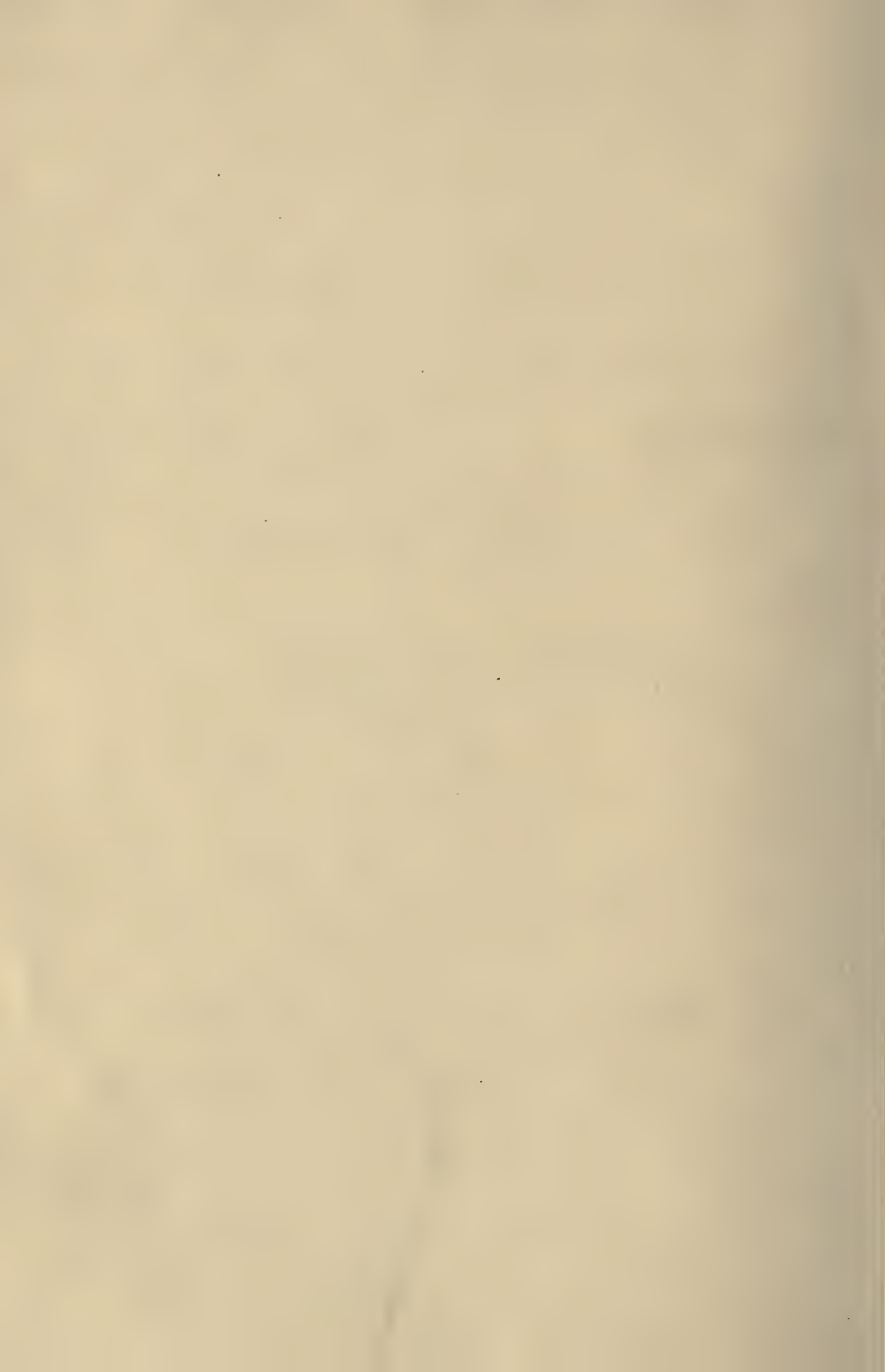
CONTENTS

	Page
THE MOST BLIND - - - - -	66
They looked and loved, nor sought to understand.	
THE AVENGER - - - - -	67
A shot! his victim, wrapped in stillness, lay.	
MONTY BOY! - - - - -	72
When dark clouds were in the skies, Monty Boy!	
GRATITUDE - - - - -	75
He never tried foul ways to beat th' game.	
THE SKY PILOT - - - - -	76
He walked into camp with his lingo, queer.	
THE ROMANCE OF RED-EYE - - - - -	78
In Red-eye Ryley's heart there come a swell o' extry pride.	
THE HALFBREED - - - - -	81
Because his countrymen of riotous bent.	
TO THE SOUL OF A MARTYR - - - - -	83
On the plain where the rain Of the Spring comes down with its might.	
LONESOME JOE - - - - -	84
When the western sun is setting.	
THE WAR CRY - - - - -	86
Ye may talk av yer flags an' yer symbols, the same.	

CONTENTS

	Page
THE BATTERED BANJO - - - - -	88
'When de birds am eber singin'.	
THE DAWNING - - - - -	89
When the last act of greed has had its course.	
WHERE LOVE ABIDES - - - - -	91
Where Love abides, no meaner thoughts can sever.	
ADIOS - - - - -	93
Their horses' hoofbeats, ever growing fainter.	

Ballads of the West



CAMPS OF THE WEST

Where ever smoke curled over fires
That light their waning day,
Where ever mankind's strong desires
Have cast their careless play;

Where ever Youth has harkt to joy,
Or Youth has harkt to pain,
Where Age has stolen Him, The Boy,
Oh bring Him Youth again!

They build them camp-fires in the west
That never shall grow old,
And tell o'er strange tales, each at best
That ever shall be told.

They sing old songs, by Folly led,
They mock at Time's grim laws,
Their hearts, by small ambitions fed
Are worthy better cause.

Yet Age must steal thru each One's door
With icy hands that chill,
Yet will Age find Him evermore
A boy in spirit still.

As He has sung His songs to me
'Neath western skies at eve,
So I return them, till I see
His heart shall yet believe.

CAMPS OF THE WEST

Shall yet believe thru pain or joy,
Or yet thru loss or gain,
Where Age has stolen Him, The Boy,
Oh bring Him Youth's refrain!

TO THE KNIGHTS OF THE SADDLE

Knights of the saddle! the wide west is calling,
Calling to you with her sweet siren call;
Splendor of battle, so grand yet appalling,
Old earth as your carpet, the blue sky your wall;
Do you not hear in your office so lowly,
The call, once again of the far, winding trail?
Do you not yearn for God's west, wide and holy?
Where you can gallop o'er hill and down dale?

Knights of the saddle! no hand has e'er stayed you,
Never a chain has e'er fettered your ways,
Can you withstand that low whisper that bade you
Go to the land, where the mavericks graze?
Aye! they may take you to battles of glory,
Aye! they may give you red war's steely test,
Though they may leave you, a corpse, dead and gory,
Still will your soul wander back to the west!

Though as a cog in their wheel have they played you,
Sending you cripples thru life, to your grave,
Leaving you beggars with nothing to aid you,
Still will the west claim the spirit it gave!
Still will the quirt be your sword and your saber,
Still will the saddle be kingdom and throne,
Still will the lone wolf remain your sole neighbor,
Still in your fancy, you dare trails alone.

Knights of the saddle! no thought of the danger
Ever finds home in your gay, western heart,
You are the wrangler, the rider, the ranger,
The stars are your compass, the sky is your chart;

TO THE KNIGHTS OF THE SADDLE

Into the town with your songs and carousing,
Back to the bunk-house, your spirit ne'er spent,
Back to the fields where the cattle are browsing,
Back to God's free, open, heaven-made tent.

Knights of the saddle! the whole world shall love
you,

All that love freedom shall call you their friend,
The sun shall respond, and the blue sky above you
Echoes that gay freedom, yours to the end.
E'en till the last lonely trail has been taken,
E'en till the last western heart be no more,
Ever and ever your soul shall awaken
And shall go back to the wide west of yore.

THE SONG OF THE DYING WEST

Then the grazing maverick knew neither line nor
limit,

Then the outlaw roamed the open spaces free of
spoil,

Then the wide land knew its own, with nought to
mar or dim it,

Neither dross of city, nor of man-made, stifled
toil;

Then the earth was never rent by ditch of irrigation,

Never fence to mock the open freedom of the land,

Then no work of tillage, nor of sheepman's occu-
pation

Ever dared, in insolence, to show its grasping
hand.

Now the west of yesterday is ever faster fading,

Now once arid spaces vaunt far fields of growing
green,

Now the wheels of progress with improvements
come invading,

Leaving all the old things, of the dying past,
unseen.

Can the new west ever know the life that it has
smothered?

Will the old west in a new, and alien country
dawn?

Will it know, once more the men of passion it has
mothered?

Know their fires of love and hate, and—even
these are gone!

THE SONG OF THE DYING WEST

Will there be another west for those who love the
daring?

Those who love the hazard, as they toss the Dice
of Chance?

Play their hands to lose or win, as ever more way-
faring

They would see, with kindly eyes, the splendor of
romance?

Though that land of yesterday for ever more has
vanished,

Still the Younger Son shall seek, and leave behind
the rest,

Somewhere lies a young man's playground still,
they have not banished,

Still their hearts will turn in open ardor to The
West.

THE BALLAD OF THE BROKEN PUNCHER

Yu' can sing o' gay romance
If yu've never had th' chance
To show 'em that in pinches yu' could weather
And play each game o' strife,
(As yu' lead a puncher's life)
Whether holdin' ladies' hands, or pullin' leather.
For yu'll find thru life, there seems
To be many odd extremes
And if yu're game, yu'll take 'em with a grin
Whether drinkin' with yore pals,
Or kissin' pretty gals,
Or delvin' in some other kind o' sin.

Yes, yu're young, and also soft,
And yu've never been aloft
O' a critter that turned somersaults to shake yu',
And yu'll never know by rule
That yu're playin' o' a fool
Till yu' run acrost a outlaw that could break yu'.
Yes, yu' go to movie shows
And yore heart in wonder grows
As yu' see th' smart young brave, in spurs and all,
And his silken shirt, so fine,
And his sweet, young heroine,
But listen, did yu' ever see him fall?

Did yu' ever see him piled
By a cayuse that was riled
At a drunken puncher, spurrin' o' his neck?
Have yu' saw th' hoss's eyes
Rollin' upward toward th' skies,
A-tryin' o' that puncher's frame to wreck?

THE BALLAD OF THE BROKEN PUNCHER

Have yu' viewed th' bloody stains
O' the battered up remains
O' a puncher, that yu'd saw cash in his cheques?
Yes, yu'll see this glorious deed
At most any mild stampede
On most any ranch, from Oregon to Tex.

Now I'm old at forty year,
And I never knew a fear
Till I rode th' big black from the double-U,
And I've made th' last big bet
That I never will forget
That fatal day I met my Waterloo.
Yes, th' doc, he patched me fine
And I got no room to whine,
For booze and hosses made me what I am,
But I'm tellin' yu' th' facts
When yu' come right down to tacks,
That a puncher's life ain't really worth a dam.

But when some gay, tourist band
Talk about th' west so grand,
Just tell 'em 'bout th' things that never is,
'Bout th' noble cowboy's pride,
And th' way they love to ride,
(As they mix their milder drinks o' soda fizz).
If they tell yu' 'bout th' west,
And th' land they love th' best,
Let 'em talk, while drinkin' teas and soft near-
beers,
Let 'em talk o' dance and wine,
And o' courtin' ladies fine,
But tell 'em not to talk o' breakin' steers.

THE BALLAD OF LOCOED LEM

Now Lem didn't savvy th' meanin' o' fear
As he rode 'em straight up, just fer play,
An' when he was liked to get throwed on his ear
He'd ask fer th' makin's an' say:
"Oh, th' hoss never was, that could make me claw
grass,
Or even pull leather at that,"
Fer he rode ever'thing from th' line to th' pass,
But still in his saddle he sat.
Now some o' 'em turned somersaults in th' air,
An' some o' 'em rolled on th' ground,
An' some—well they pitched and they rolled till
yu'd swear
That Lem had his Waterloo found.

An' some showed th' white o' their eyes 'fore they'd
stop,
An' some o' 'em squeeled like a pig,
But nary a one that could make his hand drop,
Let alone seek a funeral rig.

Now Lem took a train load o' critters back east,
And arruv at Chicagee at dawn,
He was gaunt as a greyhound and went out to feast,
Fer his appytite seldom was gone.
Oh, wise biscuit-shooter what slung ham an' eggs
At th' puncher straight out o' th' west,
She was perty an' sweet an' was trim on her pegs,
An' she treated him swell as a guest.

THE BALLAD OF LOCOED LEM

Her eyes wore a innocent baby-blue look,
An' a bright golden hue was her hair,
An' th' paint an' th' powder she never forsook,
An' pore Lem went up in th' air.
But little he knew o' th' days yet to come,
Yes, little th' pore puncher knew,
That eyes that hold love yet may hold a heart dumb,
An' that hers was th' heart o' a shrew.

An' so he come back to his old stampin' ground,
An' brought his great winnin', his bride,
But pshaw! in th' course o' a month pore Lem found
That never from trouble she shied.
Fer she'd jaw an' she'd jaw till pore Lem in disgust
Would come down to th' camp fer a change;
Then he'd pick out a cayuse he knew he could bust
An' he'd fight it out thar on th' range.
Then he'd tell all th' boys o' his wife's mean abuse,
Then he'd say to thet bleary-eyed crew:
"Oh, I'd ruther git killed on a buckin' cayuse
Than be bossed by th' tongue o' a shrew."

Now a bull-fightin' greaser come over one day
That was lookin' fer bull-fighters bad,
An' Lem, o' course allus was game fer a play,
He was game fer most any old fad.
Now th' greaser give brave Lem a handkerchief red,
An' tole him to run fer his life,
But Lem's gay reply was: "I'd ruther be dead
Than bossed by th' tongue o' my wife."

THE BALLAD OF LOCOED LEM

Th' arener was staked an' pore Lem, all alone,
Waved his handkerchief wild in th' air,
Then thet bull come a-tearin' an' Lem was long
gone
An' around th' ring started to tear;
Now some way, Lem's shirt tail got mixed in th'
deal,
Which enraged th' pore Mexican bull,
Till fast 'round th' ring thet pore Lem hed to steal,
An' his hoss-legs was workin' their full.
And then when at last Lem hed run to his full,
He says, "I guess death's about due,
But I'd ruther git killed by a Mexican bull,
Than bossed by th' tongue o' a shrew."

O' course Lem survived th' grand bull-fightin' fray,
But his wife's tongue at last druv him bats,
So th' doctors they come, an' they took him away
To a bug-house, fer punchers with rats.
Now I went thar to see if pore Lem hed got well,
An' thar he stands, wise as a owl,
Fer they had him locked up in a two-by-four cell,
An' he sees me, an' starts in to howl:
"Oh, I've fit an' I've fit, till I can't fight no more,
An' I reckon my time's about due,
But I'd ruther be killed in some old two-bit war,
Than bossed by th' tongue o' a shrew.
I've fit in th' east an' I fit in th' west,
An' I reckon my life days are few,
But I'd ruther go down to my last, lovin' rest,
Than be bossed by th' tongue o' a shrew."

THE BALLAD OF LOCOED LEM

“Fer I fit till I see all my ol’ pals was dead,
An’ once I was almost dead too,
But I’d ruther be peppered by some greaser’s lead,
Than bossed by th’ tongue o’ a shrew.
Now they took me away from her sight long ago,
An’ corralled me down hyer in th’ zoo,
But I’d ruther by hyer with this fifty cent show,
Than bossed by th’ tongue o’ a shrew.”

WESTWARD HO!

“Aye, Westward Ho!” the caveman cried,
And ere the words had left his tongue
The Pioneer, in vision spied
A newer land for daring young;
And so that vision carried Him
Into the Outer Darkness, dim.

“Aye, Westward Ho!” the treeman said,
As peering from the higher tree,
He glimpsed a Fairer Land ahead,
Whereon the sun shone cheerily;
Ere he had called another stand
His feet had trod the Promised Land.

“Aye, Westward Ho!” Columbus hailed,
And so, despite their mocking jeers,
He set his course due west, and sailed
Across the Seas of Faithless Years;
And ere a year had gone its way
He found the West of Yesterday.

“Due West,” the Spaniard, in his pride,
Had crossed the rivers, waded swamps,
Until in agony, he cried,
To lowly natives in their camps:
“We seek the Stream of Endless Youth,”
The Redman sneered, “best seek for truth.”

And so, the Spaniard of the past
Of gay bravado, gleaming mail,
Had come upon his West at last,
Across that ever widening vale;
His Saxon Brother came to break
The land, that he must needs forsake.

WESTWARD HO!

They viewed the western shore afar
Of mighty Mississippi's stream,
And thought of some New Day and Hour
When, leaping from their Faith and Dream,
They set afloat their puny raft,
And guided dauntlessly the craft.

"Aye, Westward Ho!" the miner cried,
For gold was in his heart and brain,
And so the Rugged Land defied,
While followed by that endless chain.
And as he staked, and panned and swore,
He heard that Clarion Call once more.

And lo! behind each aimless trail
That stretches to Eternity,
A hundred thousand voices hail,
A hundred thousand eyes shall see;
For every heart was ever blest
With some New Hope, some Golden West.

THE DANCER'S DREAM

With only you and I beneath the stars, Jim;
The only Whitelights that my heart can hold,
The snow-capped mountains as our only towers, Jim;
To love the things that never shall grow old;
The sky above, our canopy at eve, Jim;
The rumbling stream our only lover's lay,
In child-like faith to ever more believe, Jim;
That sun-beams lurk behind each sky of grey;
You say that I would weary of my part, Jim;
How can you know a dancer's great desires?
Who, scorning pomp, would find an honest heart,
Jim;
Leaving behind the smaller path of liars.

With just us two beneath the wide expanse, Jim;
Playing the Greater Game in that great Role,
Sensing the surging daring of romance, Jim;
Love as our guide, and love our mighty goal;
The ranch would ne'er lose favor in my eyes, Jim;
You say my ear would long for crowds' applause,
You cannot scorn with me their bitter lies, Jim;
Mocking their kisses for an aimless cause.
With only you and I beneath the stars, Jim;
The only Whitelights that shall never die,
The mighty mountains as our only towers, Jim;
Our only roof-tree, God's own star-lit sky.

DIXIE

Under Arizony's sun on the ol' time "Fightin' Gun"
When the last tired puncher straggles in fer night,
At the fag-end o' the day, when the chuck's been
stored away,

And the cigarettes and pipes are all in light,
Usta be a dark, still man, just a beaten "also ran,"
And yu'd never know, to hear from word o' mouth
That that dead-eyed puncher there, o' the black and
curly hair,

Was a off-spring o' a "family o' the south."
He was quiet as a stone till yu' met him off alone,
Then sometimes he'd open up his heart a heap,
And he'd say, "my folks, they rate 'mong the
flowers o' the state,

But me, I'm just a black and rovin' sheep."
They would ask him fer a tune when the bright and
silvered moon

Cum sailin' thru them heavens, starry strewed,
So he nods his "yes" or "no" and they'd pass the
ol' banjo,

Or let 'er hang, accordin' to his mood.

And if he felt that way he could cheer the end o'
day

With the songs o' Dixieland, o' care-free coon,
O' plantations he onct knew, o' nigger blow-outs
too,

And 'possum-hunts beneath a southern moon;
He'd sing o' nightin' gales and why the cougar
wails,

He'd sing o' climbin' vines and swingin' gates,

DIXIE

He'd sing o' voodoo charms and fightin' men in
arms,

He'd sing a Dixie lover's loves and hates.

And when he'd sung 'em all he'd tell the boys to
call

Out anything they'd ever heard or sung,
And so we all took turns and we hears the song we
yearns

To hear, that allus ol'-time mem'ries brung;
I can mind, one night in fall after Dixie'd sung 'em
all,

And still his eye'd hold that dead-like look,
Kind o' steely-like and glazed, as 'round that ring
he gazed,

As if all human love he had forsook.

Now I mind, 'twas Stringer Long who had mention-
ed o' a song

That nary one had ever called afore,

Then I noticed Dixie's face that seemed kind o' out
o' place,

And didn't seem so dead-like any more;

'Twas a love song o' the south and it come forth
from his mouth

In doleful tones o' love that had been lost,
Now his frame begin to shake and we thought his
heart would break,

And no one knew th' pain that sweet song cost;
Then he bid us all good-night, for his face had
turned stone-white,

Then he left us to go roll in fer the night,

DIXIE

But we found the followin' dawn that his blankets
all was gone.

With his saddle, and his cayuse gone from sight;
So we waited nigh a week and no one would scarcely
speak,

But still ol' Dixie never more come back,
So we ketched that Stringer Long, what had men-
tioned o' that song,

And we hung him till his cussed face was black.

No, we didn't give no trial, he was guilty by a mile,
For he'd killed the "Fightin' Gun" o' many a
laugh,

And as his long carcass fell, we wished him deep in
hell,

For he'd robbed us o' our human phonygraph!

THE SONG OF THE SKINNER

I ain't no profit talkin' to th' stars,
I ain't no harper, harpin' to th' hills,
I sing no songs to moons and skyward powers,
My cussin' song ain't filled with fancy frills;
I sing no songs to Gods o' Love and War,
I got to keep th' slack all out th' tugs,
They know it's up in collars allus, for
My bull-whip stings their rumps like leaded slugs;
My cussin' ain't th' sentimental kind,
A angel and a mule is far apart,
I has to keep 'em movin' from behind,
It ain't no human job, it's devil's art.
With a: Jack! yu' leather-headed son o' Cain!
And Pete! yu' ornery-hided seum o' sin!
And Ike! yu' long-eared devil, up again!
So lean against yore collars till yu're in!
And Pack! yu'd make a killin' for a hearse,
May your dyin' bones fire up th' devil's fuel!
All yore stallin' game I'm on to,
And yu' better ditch it pronto,
For yu're only half way thru a skinner's school.

They don't eat half th' oats a hoss'd eat,
Sometimes they're killed, but never die with age,
Sometimes they keep yore hands full on th' seat
Yu'd reckon, if yu' skinned 'em on th' stage;
They only know one law, a lickin' test,
They got more sense than ever human had,
They're ever' thing in devil that is best,
They're ever' thing in hoss-flesh that is bad;

THE SONG OF THE SKINNER

If yu' lick a mule until he hangs his head,
And cuss him, never showin' sign o' fear,
Yu'll get a ounce o' real respect instead
O' more'n a thousand pounds o' fightin' gear;

For it's: hey! yu' slumpin' ape o' lower hell!
It's crack! that bull-whip never has missed
yet,

And it's: Jack! yu' leadin' skunk, I know yu'
well,

And my whip-hand's on th' job, yu'll have
to bet.

For I got a heart that's hardened, hard as rock,
And I got a hand that never will say slack!

So yu'd best lay off yore stallin'

Or yu'll get th' devil's maulin'

From th' hands o' measly, old Missouri Jack.

And so I drive 'em with th' western mail
Over roads that God hisself, long since con-
demned,

And my voice goes rollin' down th' mountain trail,
For my howl-o'hell religion's never stemmed;

And so I shout my ever' lastin' tune

To th' clatter o' th' wheels that whine for
grease,

And yu'll see 'em lopin' down th' mountain soon,
And very soon my howlin' song 'll cease;

No, they need no urgin' as they homeward bolts,

For a nigger knows th' way to shy from work,

And they prances like a pack o' yearlin' colts

As I brings 'em to a stop without a jerk.

THE SONG OF THE SKINNER

With my: Back! yu' old, black-hearted imp o'
nick!

And: whoa! yu' hated streak o' miseries!

And mind yore heathen carcass, don't yu' kick

Or yu'll get a neek-yoke 'tween yore hellish
eyes.

Then there'll be a mule a-dyin'

That tomorrow will be lyin'

Where he'll make a feast for coyotes and for flies.

THE STAMPEDE

God! but they're bearing down!
 Sounding my harsh death-knell,
Sounding my death alone,
 Tom-toms of earthly hell!
What was it made them start?
 Was it the hail last night?
Playing their fiendish part
 Here in the morning light;
Strange! but I have no fears
 As they come hurrying on,
Hundreds of half-crazed steers!
 All hope has long since gone.
Bellowing on they come!
Hoofbeats that strike me dumb!
 Lord! but it's hard to die
 Here, 'neath a summer sky!
Now, as I wait, I think
 And recall each life deed
Till in despair I sink,
 Hearing that wild stampede.

I might have won the race,
 Poor cayuse did not live,
God! won't they grind my face
 Well in their savage sieve?
I would have reached the goal,
 I would not die thus, but
There in a gopher hole
 Horse had to twist his foot.
When he went down, the horse
 Knew he had lost the game,

THE STAMPEDE

Gave him the lead, of course,
Freed him of earthly pain;
Then, as my bones are crushed
And as my life is hushed,
Think of the thoughts and fears!
Think of the misled years!
One more shell left, and yet
I will not do the deed,
Take my life and forget
Well of their wild Stampede.

Ever they closer bear
Till I can see their eyes,
White in their fiendish stare,
Dev'lish in shape and size.
Still, spite of all the din
Can I recall the past,
Living a life of sin!
How I look back! aghast!
Mary! they're charging on,
Closer they ever come,
Here, 'neath the early dawn,
Beating their hellish drum.
Mary! the world is mean,
I was true to the last,
Cut out the old crowd clean,
Did away with the past.
Does it pay to be good,
When all's been said and done?
I was not understood,
You were the only one.
He framed the whole thing, all,
Though 'twas a dastard's joke,

THE STAMPEDE

Then I knew that you'd fall,
 Knew that your heart was broke.
He played his sly hand well,
 Told you of me and her,
May his bones blaze in hell!
 God! could I kill the cur!
Ha! but that bellow warns
 Me of the death I'll meet,
Tossed high above their horns,
 Trampled beneath their feet!
Now they are on my chest,
 Millions of feet, they've crushed,
Still, the whole thing seems best,
 All is so still, so hushed.
Mary! you know I care!
 As here, half dead I lie,
Girl! you're a virgin fair!
 Heart-o'-my-heart! goodbye!
 (His bunky speaks)
"Say, for the love o' Paul!
 What d'yu' think I am?
Yu've got th' covers all,
 Seems yu' don't give a dam!
Yu've pulled th' blankets all
 Off to th' last darn sheet,
Then, off th' bunk yu' fall,
 Drag me out by th' feet
Ontu your diaphragm,
 Donchu think I want sleep?
Think I don't give a dam?
 Lord! but yu' make me weep!
Cut out th' ham an' beans,
 Then yu'll sleep like a man,

THE STAMPEDE

What all your ravin' means
I cannot understan',
Lord! he's a blasted shame,
Things in his sleep he does,
Ravin' about some flame,
Some skirt he usta buzz.
Gosh! I could make yu dance!
Imp o' th' evil Seed,
Yu' an' your nightly trance!
Yellin' 'the wild stampede.' ”

THE FUED

Young Black McKay of the X-Bar-L was hating in
various ways,
For with shell and shot the grim sheepmen sought
a place for their flocks to graze;
So they drove their flocks o'er the barren rocks at
the break of an autumn day,
To the cowman's grass thru the Crooked Pass, where
the clear Sparrow Head Springs lay;
Now a cowman's hate of a sheepman's fate was a
thing that was keen, alive,
And the cowmen swore by their foe's red gore that
never a sheep would thrive.

But the sheepmen came 'gainst the cowmen's aim for
their herds must have grass to live,
And young Black McKay vowed they'd never stay,
and never an inch he'd give.
So that night each hand of McKay's gay band looked
well to his horse and gun,
And McKay, with ire held a heart of fire, for
he was his father's son;
And his father said ere he went to bed, "Go out
son, and make 'em fly,
For I cannot go for a horse's throw has left me a
broken thigh.

"So be sure and see that your deadly spree is
flavored with lots o' booze,
For I'd see yu' dead full o' Greaser lead afore I
would see yu' lose."

THE FUED

So with Buck Malone on the rangey roan (that had
killed the big Swede that fall),
They started out and with shot and shout they
rounded the punchers all.
And no puncher, true of that reckless crew, but for
Red Riley's life would hang,
Who was ever slick to evade each trick, and "boss
o' the Greaser gang."

The men covered ground for they meant to round
Red's gang in the Sparrow Springs,
So the men all spread as they drove 'gainst Red
and circled his camp, in rings;
But young Black McKay went another way and soon
to a trail he won,
Soon he reached a knoll and beyond, his goal lay
still in the morning sun.
So he left his horse and he made his course thru
the grass that was long and green,
As a snake he crawled (and his stomach galled) but
he made the first tent, unseen.

To his feet he leapt and he quickly stepped near
the tent, with his gun hand free,
For the only law was a hand to draw and an eye
that was quick to see.
But he stood amazed and in awe he gazed on a girl
in the tent door-way,
And she screamed aloud as he quickly bowed and
wished her a pleasant day;
Now the west dies young and her heart was wrung
for a love she could never share,
"Is it love or hate that has brought my mate?" she
thought, as she saw him there.

THE FUED

He was lithe and tall as so keenly all of the tents
he watched well alert,
He was dark and grand and his face, well tanned,
was as bronzed as his buckskin shirt;
Now McKay had wrung from a puncher's tongue the
story of Riley's girl,
For 'twas sweet Irene who was scarce eighteen with
the purity of a pearl.
Now her glances shy caught the cowman's eye and
he cursed, as he softly said,
"It's a cussed shame now, that such a dame is the
daughter of foxey Red."

Who could not have loved the fair-haired girl, as
her eyes held that frightened stare?
Still in spite of fear those soft eyes so clear held a
look, that of love would dare;
In that western pass still the blue-eyed lass won
the heart of the boy that day,
"There is no one here," thrilled that voice so clear,
"so you'd best put the gun away."
In a maiden's eyes, far the safest prize is a prize
that is hard to win,
Still this western Eve knew she could achieve her
love, spite of strife and din.

But a man's stern code is a harder road and McKay
thought of ways and means,
For where woman knows only love that grows, a
man sees behind love's scenes;
And McKay thought now of his father's vow, and
the feud that would never die;
He would not be sold, and his heart turned cold as
he looked toward the morning sky.

THE FUED

For the west breeds men who are rugged when they
love or they hate or fight,
But true love is strong, and the sheepmen's wrong
seemed ever so small a blight.

Said McKay, "By Gad! if she'd just get mad and
hard, Greaser names employ!"

But the girl's clear eyes held a just surmise of the
heart of the western boy;

Then he looked away toward his horse, Ben Bay,
and he thought of his crippled "dad,"

And he softly said as he turned his head, "Ye Gods!
won't the boss be mad!"

Now gay Cupid mean, in a haze unseen, gripped the
tips of Ben Bay's long ears,

Thus he played love's game and with careful aim
shot arrows, to quell their fears.

Thus 'twas love's wide wings held them close from
stings of hatred, of fight, of feud;

And 'twas love's sweet play held them close that
day where evil can ne'er intrude.

Soon came Buck Malone on the rangey roan with
the rest of the X-Bar crowd,

And it made him stare as he found them there,
enwrapped in true love's pure shroud.

Though the sheepmen fought, still they had been
caught and their faces were tired and worn,

And with strong raw hide all their hands were tied
down fast, to each saddle horn.

They were grimly drove to that spring and drove,
for the boys meant to "string 'em all,"

And to leave them there 'neath the hot sun's glare
for the buzzards of early fall.

THE FUED

Now the crafty Red, who had often said that of
cattle he'd rid the land,
Had at last been caught and had cast his lot with the
rest of the captured band;
But he blinked his eyes and he stared, surprized
as he saw in the tent door-way
His own girl, Irene and a puncher, lean, enwreathed
in love's careless play!

He had meant to die 'neath the western sky with
never a whine or fear,
But he now recalled (and the mem'ries galled) of a
roving, young buccaneer,
Who had won the hand of a maiden, grand, against
odds that seemed hopeless, e'en
'Gainst odds one to ten and the girl had been the
mother of sweet Irene.
Now he knew the tears of the cheerless years that
his Irene would shed till death,
For she'd never hear with consenting ear a sheep-
man's last, gasping breath.

Then he turned his head and he softly said, "some-
body must switch the deal,
For I've changed my mind, I can't leave behind a
hatred that will not heal;
Now, I know I've swore many times before, that
I'd fight to my dyin' day
For a sheepman's stand 'gainst the X-Bar brand,
but now I have come to say:
That I've schemed and fought for the herds I've got
but in spite o' my wealth, I'm pore,
So by God! I'll swear by the girl's fair hair, that
I'll never molest ye more.

THE FUED

“I will loose much sheep but the trail I’ll keep
and o’ this ye can rest assured,
That I’ll take ’em out by the shortest route,” and
they knew he would keep his word.
As an awesome spell a great silence fell, and all
were still as though dead,
As he scanned each face for one friendly trace, till
Black McKay shortly said:
“It’s a story old that they’ve often told that Red’s
word is as good as gold,
So that if he dies, by my lady’s eyes! you can leave
me out in the cold.

“So that if he hangs, by the devil’s fangs! you can
mark me clean off the map,
For I’ll take the lass and we’ll leave the pass and
we’ll say goodby to the gap.”
Now each cowman knew McKay’s words were true,
so they loosened the raw-hide thongs,
And with never plea set the sheepmen free, in spite
of malicious wrongs.
Thus was Red’s gang freed and all hate and greed
on departure, was ne’er a part,
For ’twas thus Red left of Irene bereft with an
ache in his wicked heart.

For ’twas thus decreed by gay Cupid’s deed that
no hatred a while, should bide;
For McKay rode back o’er the beaten track and
his sweetheart rode by his side.
When they reached the place and his father’s face
scowled up from his bed of pain,
And he saw the maid, and asked of the raid the
answer came sweet and plain:

THE FUED

“Listen daddy dear, you need have no fear,” she
crooned, as a cooing dove;
Then McKay chimed in, “by the powers of sin! *we*
chased 'em away with love.”

THE SAVAGE HEART

He heard the tom-toms there in lands afar,
Weird, devilish in their fantasy of sound,
Where half-crazed natives wildly rent the air
With cries that seemed to shake the trees around ;
The lust for strife went surging thru his veins,
The blood of fighting fathers found him true,
There, where all earthly culture held no chains,
There, where the soft winds of adventure blew ;
And then that reckless daring came to him
That sent the cave-man early from his cave,
And so, half boisterous, half grim
He joined their cries, to mighty Mars a slave.

The cry of war was far, oh far away,
And all about was luxury, and ease ;
No thought of battle's red or skies of grey
Came to that life, so wrapped in tranquil peace ;
And now—the orchestra, as if by chance,
Sends forth a jazz-tune, new—yet old—so old,
Which breathes and vibrates with heartfelt romance,
Singing of unknown lands, to have! to hold!
And now, he does not hear their laughter gay,
Nor yet the music, which had once beguiled,
But sees a savage tribe far, far away,
Beating their tom-toms 'neath the tropic's wild.

DON'T PASS 'EM UP

Life's a gamble, as yu' ramble
Thru th' world, yu'll allus find
That half th' chances that yu' had
Yu' passed 'em up, half blind;
So don't worry, so don't hurry
To your chief, objective goal,
For yu'll find while playin' little games
Yu're makin' o' a soul;
For around yu', as they hound yu'
Live th' Gods o' Praise and Blame,
Tellin' yu' yu'll find your bearin's
As yu' play th' smaller game.

Seems so funny, sometimes sonny,
As yu' look ahead and fret,
That th' pot o' gold and rainbow
Is th' pan-out that yu'll get;
As yu're gamin', ever aimin'
Toward th' peak yu' want to mount,
Don't forget while lookin' upward
That th' little things all count;
Don't go fleein' never seein'
It's a rugged road to fame,
For yu'll find it's strewed with boulders
As yu' play th' smaller game.

THE TINHORN'S LAMENT

We had shuffled that deck the livelong day,
We were there at the rise of the moon,
When the morning sun streaked the sky of grey,
We knew 'twould be daylight soon;
But still we shuffled the cards away,
At that table in Mike's saloon.

We grew tired at last, and said Sagebrush Joe
In a manner that lacked of zeal,
"Let's make up a 'pot' and let's take one throw,
So put in your last, last wheel."
Then I agreed that 'twas "win or blow,"
So he threw me the cards to deal.

When the cards were up and we looked to see
Who was going to take the beans,
Poor Joe was a sight, you would agree
As he says, as he forward leans:
"Forever, you might have been friends with me
If you hadn't have dealt me queens.

"Now, we've played a fair game between two men
But I've lost, by the feel o' my jeans,
For women have ever the curse of me been,
Since the day I grew out of my teens;
So I guess we must sever our friendship when
You start in to deal me queens."

THE GOLD DUST FLAME

Yu've heard o' me afore yu' laid yore eyes
Upon my fallin' pride, a-loungin' here,
Yu've heard me 'mongst a hundred stampede cries
Afore I met my first impulse o' fear
From him, Th' Gold Dust Flame, th' outlaw king.

O' course, yu've heard o' Utah Pete some time,
Or else yu've saw me 'fore I met my beat,
Or else yu've swilled with me in booze an' crime,
Or saw me sittin', peace-like in my seat
Afore I met my beat, Th' Gold Dust Flame.

I rode the wickedest that ever squeeled
Their hatred o' mankind, at old Cheyenne,
Or else 'mong Texas towns, galore I've reeled
An' showed 'em that their master was a man,
But none o' 'em compared with Gold Dust Flame.

I mind, 'twas arter Denver's hot stampede,
When all our heads was splittin' from th' strain,
When 'round there comes to us a 'patche breed
An' tole us o' that story once again
About a outlaw hoss, Th' Gold Dust Flame.

Then Diamond Dan, who was amongst th' bunch,
Who was a gambler born, an' ever game
To take a flyin' chance on any hunch,
Got thinkin' o' this hoss they called th' flame,
Th' outlaw hoss, th' so-called Gold Dust Flame.

THE GOLD DUST FLAME

An' then he turns to me an' "Pete," says he,
"I've got five thousand, cash that says you're not
The man to ride the Gold Dust Flame, for see!
They've tried these last five years, and never got
Within a mile of him, the Gold Dust Flame.

I know that you can cover all my bets,
And if you can't, your friends will all stand pat,
And I'll agree to hire the gang that gets
The untamed hoss, that never has been sat;
So take a sportin' chance on Gold Dust Flame!"

It didn't take me long to get th' tin,
Th' boys all made their bets, they all was game,
An' so we started south with Diamond's men
To help me ketch th' myth they called th' flame,
Th' Indian myth, they called th' Gold Dust Flame.

Into th' hills we followed him for days,
He had a band o' ten or more with him
That we kept with him, but our only gaze
Was on that prince o' hosses, Gold Dust Flame,
That untamed hoss o' hosses, Gold Dust Flame!

An' as we'd spy him half a mile ahead
A-leadin' o' that band that still he run,
His hide showed 'gainst th' sun, so dazolin' red,
An' as his long mane showed there in th' sun,
Yu' would admit he was th' Gold Dust Flame.

An' then at last we cut him from his band
An' trapped him in a gulch that ended blind,
Ten men's an' hosses' brains then took their stand
Against th' hoss no man-made power could bind,
Against th' hoss o' freeness, Gold Dust Flame!

THE GOLD DUST FLAME .

They had him roped by half a dozen ropes
When I rode up an' got my first good look
O' him that men had longed for with vain hopes,
An' I admit at first my breath it took
To look into th' eyes o' Gold Dust Flame.

Them eyes was grand! they tole me many things,
They tole me o' th' freeness o' that life
That had th' blood o' half a dozen kings,
That never learned o' slavery an' strife;
A Bein' was this hoss, called Gold Dust Flame.

Laugh! Dam yu', sneer! I say he had a soul,
Them eyes! They looked at me so dazzlin' grand!
Th' work o' centuries had met its goal
In this, this hoss, th' leader o' that band,
Th' hoss that had a soul, th' Gold Dust Flame.

An' hang it all! it seemed each move I'd make,
Them eyes'd follow me, an' only me,
Th' men that stood around was tame to break,
He knowed th' man that dared his liberty!
An' knowed his power, he did! th' Gold Dust Flame.

An' so I tole th' boys to let him go,
In spite o' all their cussin' an' their mocks,
They lost good money on my little show,
And Diamond won a heap in moneyed stocks,
From bettin' on a thorough-bred, Gold Dust Flame.

An' so, th' Gold Dust Flame is still as free
As ever was his sires as lived afore,
An' since that day I don't ride none, for see
A so-called quitter'd never ride no more,
His pride's clean busted, 'cause o' Gold Dust Flame.

THE PUNCHER'S ADIEU

Goodby ol' hoss! I'm goin'
Whar thar ain't no sage-brush growin',
Whar the crimson fields are glowin'
 With the anger they hev sowed,
Whar the red blood's ever flowin'
And the mean in man is showin',
Say ol' hoss! thar is no knowin'
 When again we'll go this road.

Say ol' hoss! we've pall'd together
In most ever' kind o' weather,
When I'd tighten up the leather
 Then we'd gallop 'cross the plain,
I rode light as any feather
As we went that road together,
And you knew no rope or tether,
 Will them days come back again?

Goodby hoss! my sperrit's soarin'
Whar the mighty guns are roarin',
Whar the nations are a'warin'
 As they've opened up ol' scars,
Gosh! ol' boy, their wrath is pourin'
O'er them lands that are so foreign,
So long, hoss! I'll soon be gorin'
 In that mighty pot o' Mars.

THE DESERT DEATH

Only vast sand dunes stretch for endless miles,
The sun is blazing down with blasting heat,
A bright mirage ahead that mocks, beguiles,
Adds groundless hope to weary, tottering feet;
Water that flows, and trees so grandly green,
And grasses wave serene 'neath mild blue skies;
Only the jeering sun that casts a screen
Of other days, before my wistful eyes.
Now, as I near that Jester's Fairy Land,
It vanishes, and leaves but rock and sand.

Water but fills my mind, I see once more
All the dear past, as I had known it first,
Oh, once again sweet Nell will gayly pour
The water in my cup, to quench the thirst!
Then—then I joined the rovers, wander-plagued,
Who scour God's earth with longing never filled,
And Nell, a broken-hearted maiden, begged
That I might stay, as all our people willed.
Oh, for one cup of water from that well;
Here, in the silent wastes, where none shall tell.

Days I have staggered on in deep despair,
What is that gibbering ghost, that grabs my hand?
Why do the phantoms hover in mid-air?
Souls of some ancient, roving, pilgrim band.
Ah! now a grinning skeleton draws near,
Holding a cup of water in his hand,
Still, I can never reach him quite, I fear;
How I have asked him mercy, cursed and planned!
Pitilessly the sun burns overhead,
Here, in the hidden Valley of The Dead.

THE DESERT DEATH

Once that arroyo, dried by sun and rain,
Had quenched the thirst of armies, marching free,
And they have drunk, and gone their ways again
In the Dead March of grim Eternity.
I, but an atom of that van, obey
That fix'ed Purpose Who has ever known
That I would leave the short-lived, wasted clay
Here' 'neath the vigil of the stars, alone.
The Great Fullfiller here has guided me
In the unswerving steps of Destiny.

The chill of night must follow blinding day,
The white stars look in pity on my fire,
And round my camp fire, grinning ghosts array
Themselves in line, and tell their stories dire,
Of how they too, had left their bleached bones lay
To mercy of the sun and winds that blow
Across that lifeless and untrodden way,
Of how they faced the white heat long ago.
They too, with empty canteens, hurried on
Till the last, gasping breath of life was gone.

Now the pale moon emits its sickly rays
And shines on all the faces of that crowd,
A moon beam rests upon each face and stays,
The stars, austere, are but a death-like shroud.
To this vast void of desert night and calm
Comes Death, to claim his own, and all must yield,
Would that the dew could give my parched lips
balm
Ere Death his fatal scythe will o'er me wield.
Why rage at Death? I mock at Death's grim
powers,
Here, 'neath a palisade of silent stars.

THE DESERT DEATH

Now I am all too weak to rise again,
No more the clay obeys the rugged will,
Soon there will be no suffering nor pain
And yet, those faces hover near me still.
Pilgrims of Deathland! I will gain that band,
Phantoms that know the Jester's garb we wear,
Flitting across that desert waste of sand
They feel, and understand, yet do not care.
So they will grimly bide Time's final fate
As the unchanging ridges ever wait.

THE FUGITIVE

He loved the open freedom of that land of long-horn
steer,

He was a "solid citizen" if ever there was one,
He worked his ranch and worked it with a heart of
warmth and cheer,

Far better than did many another native Texas
son;

He was in his early twenties and he worked both
day and night,

His ranch grew ever better and his herds grew
with each year,

For lo! behind his great desires, a girl cheered on
his fight,

And soon the wedding bells would toll their tale
of ringing cheer.

He loved her with a love the wide, free west can
only know,

The only girl friend he had ever really known or
had;

For oh! her laugh was sweeter than the zephyr
winds that blow

Across the plains, where Love's young dream is
ever laughing glad.

And working on the "Crazy Y" was Oklahoma Joe,
Who was "devil in the making," and was ever
on the spree,

For back and forth across the land he'd wander to
and fro,

Right glad to pick a fight was he, with all he
chanced to see.

THE FUGITIVE

He had heard of Harry Farlow (and likewise of
Harry's girl),
He had heard about the wedding that in just a
week would be;
So "the devil started nudging," and his lips began
to curl
In a snakish snarl that hell below, will some day
blaze to see.
So he rode across the prairie with a jag that boded
ill,
And hate and jealousy within his heart for Harry
flowed,
And as he crossed the River Bridge and climbed the
farther hill
He met young Harry's loved one, slowly riding
down the road.

She was jogging slowly homeward on the back of
Harry's black,
(A beauty, and the pick of Harry's ever growing
drove),
He caught the horse and quickly helped the lady
from its back
And sneered, "I've got to have the black, my
pretty lady love."
He was steeped in drunken pride and all his heart
was on the black
With eyes that could see nothing but the horse
he led away,
His drunken brain forgot about the girl he'd left
to track
Along a ten-mile trail, to where the nearest ranch
house lay.

THE FUGITIVE

When Harry Barlow heard of this he strapped his
holster well

And went his way, a-seeking for the sly, elusive
Joe.

And Harry Barlow shot Joe—then his pride of honor
fell,

For he knew he was a fugitive, that soon must
cower low.

The sheriff of the county had a posse on his tracks,
But Harry left his ranch and wandered north into
the hills,

A fugitive from justice, he must face the honest
facts,

So thus all virtue left his heart, and found a fiend
that kills.

In a year his name struck terror up and down the
border states,

They had a score or more rewards for capture
“live or dead”;

But his master gave protection, so that yielding to
the Fates,

He let his reign of terror, as a blight of locusts,
spread.

His band of followers were men who never dared
to fail

At any thing within the blackest life of man or
beast.

For with those bitter thoughts behind, of hanging
rope and jail,

They looked upon the raiding as the devil views a
feast.

THE FUGITIVE

For they had vowed with malice in their hearts of
lost despair,

That as the Fates had dealt them, so they would
returning give,

They knew their master's heart and each, in solitude,
would swear

That he would serve to bitter death, the firey
fugitive.

Three years had passed and they had grown in
power, in force and hate,

Until all "Law and Order" was alert to stop their
course,

And so the grave maintainers of the peace of half
a state

Had joined in one great posse, and had scoured
the hills in force.

A hundred men all armed against a dozen men
whose shield

And last line of resistance, was the Smoky Elko
place,

They knew that it was to the death and vowed
they'd never yield,

Not when the last shell had been fired, with
certain death to face;

And in that cabin made of logs, with loopholes for
their guns

One urged the others on with zest, and bade them
fight to live,

For he was foremost in each fight the rugged, out-
lawed sons

Had wedged against the law, and swore he'd die
a fugitive.

THE FUGITIVE

It wasn't lack of shells that made them throw the
door and run,

Starvation gnawed their vitals, till they took the
only course;

They knew 'twas death, but sooner die, full facing
of a gun,

Than die a death of agony, with never show of
force.

And one that "Law and Order" dropped, the first
their guns had fed

Was he who only knew one law (to struggle on
and live).

And as he lay prone on the ground, they doubted,
as he bled,

If it was safe to near the fate-defying fugitive.

They stopped the blood which freely flowed, and
ebbed that life away,

He whispered low a name to them, she came be-
fore he died;

She looked into that face she knew, which now
was deathly gray

And knelt and kissed the parted lips, that long
had been denied.

He looked into her eyes and smiled, no thought of
hunted years

Could blight those days of yesteryear, for Love
will ever live,

And thus he died, but not as one who fights a foe he
fears,

He died a noble lover, not—not as a fugitive.

THE MOST BLIND

They looked and loved, nor sought to understand
That Which conceived, and th' eternal purpose
planned,

They saw no fault, and love light in their eyes
Shone with a likeness unto morning skies.

Aye blind! true blind! for Love had wrapped his
veil

Across their eyes, lest all His aims should fail
And send them, shattered, where the o'er-wise tread
In the vast wine-press of the soulless dead.

And thus they walked His pathway, hand in hand,
Nor strived th' infinite Plan to understand.

In yet another place Love could not hold
The reins, which send His blessings manifold,
For age old wisdom taught their eyes to see
And mock the power of true affinity.
They looked, and only scorn and base pretence
Could find true rooting, for a heart's defence.
For they were wise, and cynic laws compelled
Them see each weakness that the other held.
So thus, as Love and Hate their paths pursue,
I wonder, which is most blind of the two?

THE AVENGER

A shot! his victim, wrapped in stillness lay,
Yet ere the boy had gasped a fleeting breath,
Ere yet his eyes had closed in tranquil death
The murderer was riding, miles away.

And Idaho, who had returned to camp
Saw in that coffin's depth his only friend,
The boy that he had learned to love and tend;
He knelt, carressed that hair, so deathly damp.

It was in Oklahoma's lawless day
When order was but coming into birth,
When life was never taken at its worth,
No one would question much, the shooting fray.

But Idaho rode hot upon the trail
Of him who had for sport's sake, killed the youth,
For well he knew that underlying truth,
That justice, in finale shall prevail.

Chako, the murderer, had ridden far,
One followed but two days behind his trail,
And to the follower the winds would wail
And sing of the avenged, triumphant hour.

The follower knew the trail his prey must choose;
Into the Indian Country, where law's hand
Would never send one questioning demand;
Th' abode of those who must stay on or lose.

THE AVENGER

Borne by soft winds, the trailer ever hears
A voice that cries for vengeance 'neath the sod,
The waving willows seem to answering nod
And bring the moaning whisper to his ears.

O'er swollen rivers that the small stream feeds,
Braving a current, with each whirl-pool snare,
Its sullen strength resisting all who dare;
Only to reach the Land of Hidden Deeds.

Thru quaking beds of sand with floundering horse
That sinks, and struggling gains a solid hold,
O'er Indian trails that served an age untold,
Ever the trailer holds his tireless course.

Down valleys, beautiful with rippling streams
Where jutting crags of vari-colored rock
At times, the view of summer skies would block;
He presses on, of vengeance still he dreams.

To ranches, where no cattle greeted him,
Where outlaws rested in their last retreat,
Where seldom trod the way of honest feet,
Yet nature's splendour sang its ritual hymn.

Or under roofs, where hunted thieves were massed,
And murderers, who once had human been,
Where death lurked in the eyes of hunted men,
Yet cast no shadows of their hidden past.

Once he had lost all clues, while faring forth,
And lay in ambush, till he heard aright
Of where a dark faced man had passed the night
In a ranch house, that lay ten miles due north.

THE AVENGER

A year had passed, the slayer still ran free,
For clever was he ever to elude
The trailer, who was wont to oft intrude
Into some camp, he had left hurriedly.

But now, no more the killer need have fear,
For had he not, a month ago one night
Killed his pursuer ere he made his flight?
Which left his course of travel ever clear.

So! he could go and rest his horse a while
There at the Longhorn Ranch, where hills abound,
Which henceforth he could call his camping
ground;
And as he thought, his lips curved in a smile.

Now the pursuer, who had almost died
From the relentless blade of Chako's knife,
But by a woman had been nursed to life,
Went forth, for still his soul for vengeance cried.

The Longhorn Ranch! a straight tip from a friend,
(Though friends were far and few in that wild
land).

So he had struck into the hills and planned
To quell that whisper, that would never end.

And, as he climbed to where the Longhorn Place
Lay hidden, by the hills on either side,
He struck a plateau—then his black horse shied—
Then stood stock still and looked off into space.

THE AVENGER

It took his breath, so sudden did he stray
Upon that flat, obscure from outer sight,
And yet, not more than fifty yards this height
Of flatness measured, till it fell away.

All nature seemed to cease at that far height
Above the clouds, and all was deathly still,
His heart with weird misgivings seemed to fill,
He felt the presence of an unseen might.

And as the trailer waited in deep thought
A rider came in view, off to the right,
So suddenly he gained that plateau's height,
It seemed some magic wand the deed had wrought.

Thus Chako stared in blank amazement long
Upon the face of him he thought was dead
And shivered, as the apparition said:

"Chako, it's almost time you sung your song."

The flare of death was burning in the eyes
Of him, who Chako thought had long since died,
(A coward's knife sunk deeply in his side).
Chako, with heart despairing, sighs.

Then a voice came to him, whose God was Lust,
A gentle, sneering voice, yet firm as steel,
Which seemed to hold a solemn, death-bell peal;
"I'll give you time to draw, for die you must."

Well Chako knew that master gunman's hand
That rested lightly on that saddle horn,
Well Chako knew death's sentence had been
sworn,
And felt with fear, a coward's quilty brand.

THE AVENGER

Then Chako's hand went twitching to his side,
And yet he did not draw, fear gripped him fast
And sped his thoughts back to the hidden past,
When he had law and justice oft defied.

Then Chako gave a gasping, hopeless breath
And headlong fell against his horse's head,
For in the end, his heart by dire fears fed
Had asked no aid of gun, to speed that death.

The trailer leaves, he has fulfilled his pact,
And to his heart there comes a cleansing, pure,
Peace that surpass'th all knowledge, to endure,
That they but know, who spurn a coward's act.

MONTY BOY!

When dark clouds were in the skies, Monty Boy!
There was laughter in your eyes, Monty Boy!

Even when all earth was drear
You would mock at hate and fear
And your way was strewn with cheer,

Monty Boy!

You would shake the Dice of Chance, Monty Boy!
Under every circumstance, Monty Boy!

And no matter, lose or win
In a world of strife and sin,
You could lose or gain and grin,

Monty Boy!

Will you never more come back, Monty Boy?
To your sweetheart, who alack! Monty Boy,

Has been waiting, oh so long
For your lilting laugh and song
And your harmless thrusts at wrong,

Monty Boy!

Oh, your horse is waiting still, Monty Boy,
In the pasture, o'er the hill, Monty Boy,

And each day he goes to graze
Still he cocks his ears and neighs
As he waits thru endless days,

Monty Boy!

MONTY BOY!

And your dog is waiting yet, Monty Boy,
And he never will forget! Monty Boy,
Of the day you picked him up,
Just a cold and whining pup
That you fed and nourished up,
Monty Boy.

And your sweetheart's waiting too, Monty Boy,
For you promised you'd be true, Monty Boy.
Many suitors play their part,
I, in secret mock their art,
For I know an honest heart,
Monty Boy.

Oh, you ever loved the west, Monty Boy!
You were not quite like the rest, Monty Boy!
You were man from foot to head,
And although that Life has sped,
Yet to me you're never dead!
Monty Boy.

Yet they say you're dead in France, Monty Boy,
Where you took a soldier's chance, Monty Boy,
But I'll wager here tonight,
That before they got you right
That you made the foemen fight,
Monty Boy.

For the best ones ever die, Monty Boy;
Spite of how their sweethearts sigh, Monty Boy;
Yet my fond love never veers
For thru mists of gladden'ng tears
I will walk thru faithful years,
Monty Boy!

MONTY BOY

For the cry of every bird, Monty Boy!
Brings your songs that once I heard, Monty Boy!
All the twittering birds of spring,
As 'neath western skies they wing
Seem to soar above and sing:

“Monty Boy!”

GRATITUDE

He never tried foul ways to beat th' game,
He never stole another feller's steers,
He never played th' saint to shy from blame,
Or left some mortgaged home in hopeless tears;
He got no recompense, 'twas plain to see,
When they had rid him till his sinews cried
Out mercy, to whatever Hoss Gods be,
They give no lamentations when he died.

An' when they'd broke his spirit, in th' young,
An' trained his livin' muscles to their will,
When sharp spur jabbed, and when th' raw quart
stung,
He had to keep his place, an' serve 'em still;
It was no odds to 'em, th' yoke he bore,
When feet went lame, or saddle cinches galled,
An' when he'd dropped his head to serve no more,
It was no odds to 'em, that freedom called.

He couldn't 'magine empires standin', grand,
He couldn't mark a nation's rise or fall,
His world an' home was what his master planned,
An' even home was only just a stall;
No epitaph o' praise 'll mark his grave,
Sunk from a world, where gratitude was blind,
He served th' will o' man, a willin' slave,
An' never dreamed th' service left behind.

THE SKY PILOT

He walked into camp with his lingo queer,
He was dressed in a mourner's coat;
An' he bellered out like a locoed steer:
"With who? With who will yu' vote?
Will yu' cast your lot with th' wolves this night?
Or will yu' go with th' sheep?
Fer it's time! high time that yu' saw th' Light
'Fore yu' closed up your eyes in sleep."

An' th' followin' day was a Sabbath day,
In th' slack o' th' season, too;
An' we'd figgered on wilin' th' time away
As th' average sinners do.
Thar was Crow Bar Jim who would never lie,
An' Bill, who was allus true,
Thar was Straight Rye Jack, who was allus dry,
An' th' rest o' th' Long L crew.

So he lined us up on a bench o' pine,
An' he showed us our weaker way,
An' he talked for hours on his sinnin' line
Till Navahoe rose to say:
"O Mister Man o' th' long-tailed coat,
An' head that would match a pin,
Thar's a hoss down here an' I'm bold to quote
That his old heart is full o' sin."

So we led him down to th' long corral
An' we saddled th' outlaw grey,
An' we left it to Rev'nd Harryshell
To show him th' Light o' Day.

THE SKY PILOT

Now th' outlaw grey never knew a boss,
An' in buckin' he held first place,
But th' cinches broke on that sinful hoss
An' th' pilot, he went thru space.

So he left us thar on that Sabbath morn,
An' he never come back no more,
With his hands held tight to that saddle horn,
An' th' sky was a open door.
So he must be ridin' thar thru th' skies,
An' countin' th' stars en route,
An' mebbe he's watchin' with careful eyes
An' pickin' th' good ones out.

We was all clean sorry to see him go
But we sure didn't shed no tears,
Fer we'd kinda fell fer his little show,
Th' like o' we'd missed fer years.
An' Jack was sorrier than th' rest,
An' he speaks from th' depths o' his soul:
"I won that saddle in Eagle's Nest,
An' hated to see it stole!"

THE ROMANCE OF RED-EYE

In Red-eye Ryley's heart there come a swell o'
 extry pride,
In Red-eye Ryley's loneliness, th' longin' for a bride,
In Red-eye Ryley's wicked eyes, a softness never
 known
When he bid good-bye to "Triple X" an' saddled
 up th' roan.

Th' birds was singin' gayly on that palmy day in
 June,
As Red-eye rode th' roan away an' hummed a
 merry tune,
An' his softened heart was throbbin' as he thought
 o' Texas Nell,
That day he saddled up th' roan an' bid us all
 farewell.

For who could smile more cheery than that dark-
 eyed girl out thar?
An' who could laugh more sweetly than his gay an'
 guidin' star?
He fair worshipped thet dark beauty, when his
 care-free world was young,
When th' seed o' love was scattered 'fore th' seed
 o' fear was strung.

But alas, for Red-eye Ryley when th' seeds o' hate
 was sown
By a far an' hated rival for th' fair an' queenly
 throne,

THE ROMANCE OF RED-EYE

An' his fairy spied him comin' on th' roan from
 "Triple X"
An' I think they missed th' namin' when they
 called 'em "Gentler Sex."

When he'd left th' roan a-standin', an' had found
 th' parlor door,
He didn't get th' welcome that he'd allus got afore.
An' when she'd finished with him he was all in
 limpin' wrecks,
An' a-cussin' o' th' fool that ever called 'em
 "Gentler Sex."

But Red-eye didn't sabby o' th' heart o' woman-
 kind,
An' he didn't know she loved him, that was why
 she struck him blind,
So he staggered to th' roan an' headed for th'
 "Triple X"
A-cussin' o' th' fool that ever called 'em "Gentler
 Sex."

His angory "chaps" was tattered an' his silkin'
 shirt was thru,
An' his Sunday hat was battered an' his eyes was
 black an' blue;
An' his usual cheery greetin' wa'nt forth-comin' in
 his tone
When he come back to "Triple X", a-ridin' o' the
 roan.

THE ROMANCE OF RED-EYE

When Texas Nelly got it straight—well did her
hard heart swerve?

Well no! she only scorned him for his lack o' better
nerve.

An' so th' rival got her an' ol' Red-eye still runs
free,

An' thinks about th' narrow shave he got in '93.

“Faint heart never won fair lady,” is ol' Red-eye's
cunnin' boast,

“But sometimes th' man that loses ain't th' man to
pity most.

I ain't much on th' argyin', but if you want to vex,
Just take me to th' hombre that first called 'em
“Gentler Sex.”

THE HALFBREED

Because his countrymen, of riotous bent,
 (Dubbed desperadoes by the outer earth)
Held massacres, in place of sacrament
 And killed, and maimed and looted all of worth;
Because he came of such, they in their lust,
 Would never sweep such barrier aside;
No thing could turn their headlong hate to trust,
 Because of this, he died.

Unmoved, he stood with folded arms, and head
 Held high, and yet his eye beheld the slain;
And as he looked upon the heedless dead,
 That dead face roused fond memories again.
They pointed to the body 'neath the tree,
 They pointed to the sheath that held his knife,
He answered all their charges quietly,
 " And I repeat—I did not take his life."

Long since he had resigned to fate his cause,
 Knowing that such a trial could only be
A dead "Apache" tried by lightning laws,
 A culprit riding o'er the ranchos free.
"The boy is dead, how answer you the crime?
 Your knife was found a pace from where he fell
Yet you were with his sister at the time,
 You claim, and twenty miles from Creole Delle."

The jury ringed him, stark, unmask'ed hate
 Shone in each face, to greet that final test,
For uncurbed malice at their heart-strings ate,
 And why? His sombrero and spurs were best,

THE HALFBREED

His silken shirt, his gun, his horse well groomed,
His smooth, unruffled voice, his very face
Savord of manner they in vain assumed,
The echoing splendor of a dying race.

“Apache” they had called him, and no knife
Could goad to sharper pain that noble pride,
That dared withstand rash threats against his life,
That dared their ultimatum to abide.
They led him to the tree, they threw the rope
Which caught a higher branch and nestled there,
And soon that fearless spirit ceased to grope,
But left the body dangling in the air.

A body silhouetted 'gainst the sky,
They riddled it with bullets as it fell,
When, carried on the breeze, there came a cry,
They saw a rider ride from Creole Delle;
'Twas Rose, Juan's gay loved one, and before
A one could lay a firm, restraining hand
She knelt beside him, faithful to the core,
Small heeding of that closely crowded band.

Then with accusing voice she wildly cried,
“Wade has confessed, he used my Juan's knife!”
As of that ring each guilty face she eyed,
Then looked into that face, now void of life.
Oh, all the martyred ages wrapped in rest!
Oh, all just causes that have lived in vain!
Only a girl that sobs against his breast,
Only a girl that calls and calls in vain.

TO THE SOUL OF A MARTYR

On the plain, where the rain
Of the Spring comes down with its might,
'Mid the swamp where the damp
And the fog brings forever their blight,
O'er the fields still there steals
The souls who were martyred for right;

Thru the years without fears
They fought that His Word might prevail,
True hearts burned and ne'er turned
From the task, their's to do without fail,
Still today their still clay
Shall have gone from their long-rusted mail.

And they dream by the stream
Where their bodies for centuries have laid,
And they long for the song
Of the past that their high hearts obeyed,
As they wait, still as fate
For the cries of the world's Last Crusade.

LONSOME JOE

When the western sun is setting
O'er the ridges over there,
And fond lovers are forgetting
All the woes of toil and care;
There's a ranger slowly riding
'Neath a star-shot sky of grey,
To the silence now confiding
All the songs of yesterday;
Whistling rag-time to the breezes
Quelling thoughts of long ago,
Still, that broken heart ne'er eases,
Old thoughts linger, Lonesome Joe.
Lonesome Joe! O Lonsome Joe!
By your cigarette's bright glow
When the Virgin Sisters, seven
Show their brightest in the heaven
All the stars respond at even
To your songs, O Lonesome Joe!

Yet the gayest laugh can never
Still that ever-smoldering flame,
Nor a dozen years can sever
The remembrance of a name.
Who has heard the lone wolf crying
In the shackles of despond?

LONSOME JOE

Who has heard The Lone Voice sighing

For a soul-mate's soft respond?

As the hills are ever lonely,

As the rivers ever flow,

So that heart is beating only

For a love of long ago.

Lonesome Joe! Gay Lonesome Joe!

Who has ever lived to know?

For your songs so light and airy

When the summer skies were starry,

Once were sung unto your fairy

In the days of long ago!

THE WARCRY

Ye may talk av yer flags and yer symbols, the same
Ye may talk av great deeds, as ye may;
Ye may talk av brave men that have left them a
name

From the first av it down to today;
But if ye will wonder away to the east
Or the west, it may be that ye'll find,
A man who has nivver been noted the least
In the name he has left him behind.
No, ye won't find the man, but his likeness is there,
Sure, the same frank, mild eyes and the hair,
To the depths av that soul who may delve in so rare?
Is he tamed by the ages? beware!
But if ye should break and trade blows wid me
friend,
May the Saints help ye all that they can!
Sure, ye'll nivver forget till yer life's at the end
The laugh av the Geraldine Clan.

I remiber the bar was all crowded that night,
Whin in walks the Terrible Swade,
He was ugly whin under and longed fer a fight,
He was one av the bullyin' brade.
Now he spied av the man that we called Reddy Mike,
Wid a Geraldine tied to the end,
As the bartender asked av him, "what would ye
like?"
Reddy smiled his "good avnin, me friend."
It was "drinks on the house" and as Red took his
stand
And raised his glass high, fer to drink,

THE WARCRY

The Swade pulled his gun and the glass in Red's
hand

Wint to payces before he could blink.
Now the Swade was a bully, I knew av no worse,
And his face scowled wid hate thru his tan,
Thin low thru the room as the divvil's own curse
Came the laugh av the Geraldine Clan.

Nade I tell ye the rest? av that gun in his hand?
That was knocked clane away, first av course,
Nade I say that the spirit av Geraldine's Clan
Was knockin' the Swade wid its force?
Nade I say that once more, Tuscan vineyard's were
red

Wid the blood av a Geraldine foe?
Nade I say that once more groaned the dyin' and
dead
As they cursed him the ages ago?

The Swade sure was shoulders and head over him
Av the divvil that laughed as he fought,
Yet nivver a battle more deadly or grim
On the floor av a bar-room was wrought.
Nade I spake av our friend that would not yield to
foe,

Nade I tell ye av this fightin' man?
Whin nivver a gun flash but many a blow
Followed laughs av the Geraldine Clan.

But Faith! thru the years, he's grown gintle, I fear,
As mildly he shakes av yer hand,
But ye'll nivver forget him if ivver ye hear
The laugh av the Geraldine Clan.

THE BATTERED BANJO

When de birds am eber singin'
 To de tunes ob jolly spring,
And de bells am eber ringin'
 Down de way,
When mah lonely soul am achin'
And mah heart am almost breakin',
 And ah'm longin' fo' dat long-forgotten day;

When mah sistah and mah bruddah
 And Emaline mah gal
Ustah cluster 'round mah muddah
 When she'd call;
Dat's all gone, as yeahs come chasin'
And mah only consolation
 Am to take mah battered banjo from de wall.

As de yeahs ob life hab dwindled,
 And de fall ob life hab come,
And dere fires ob life am kindled
 Not at all,
When ah tthink ob friends once near me,
Dere am nothin' left to cheer me
 But dat old and battered banjo on de wall.

Now de yeahs am fastah flyin'
 And old friends hab gone away,
An' de leaves ob life am dyin'
 For it's fall;
But once mo' de folks am singin'
And de bells ob spring am ringin'
 When ah take dat battered banjo from de wall.

THE DAWNING

When the last act of greed has had its course,
When the last deeds of strife have lived their days,
And when no more we'll look in black remorse
Back—back across the path of wars' grim plays,
We'll look across the chasm whence we came
And wonder greatly, tracing that new Life,
'Twill be made manifest, that transient Aim
That ever varies with incessant strife.
For to the west some brighter star must gleam
Where go the princely, with their works a-blest,
And They, 'neath outer skies replace that stream
That flows perpetual toward some new-born West.

And mayhap, with that greater, keener Mind
These—these shall fall away to which we cling,
Yet may an emperor's quest a slave's heart find,
While a slave's heart the solace of a king.
For can the chain of tyrannizing might
Fetter the soul, as it the clay has done?
For a slave's soul may rise to grander height,
His golden thoughts fly westward with the sun.
We'll look across the depths, in after year
And learn as we have sought, so shall we find,
And as we choose, so shall we love or fear,
Select which power shall dominate the Mind.

THE DAWNING

So some shall seek the blessings of all things,
And some go back to fear and hate, thru pact
Each one shall worship that to which he clings,
And find no comfort in another's act.
And, 'gainst the guiding hand of Time's true grace,
They never lose, but His, in true surmise
Will ever see New Beauty in New Ways,
And flush in radiance 'neath those morning skies.

WHERE LOVE ABIDES

Where Love abides, no meaner thoughts can sever,
No lesser wiles That winding way can trace,
The Hand That made all Being made the lover
And cast that tranquil peace thru darker space;
And Love abides where poverty is reeking,
Or Love abides within a king's domain,
No tarried thoughts of woe, no endless seeking
Can find its home where Cupid's hand has slain.
'Tis found! That tranquil Peace that kings would
covet,
'Tis found within the depths of every heart,
If we but heed its whisperings to prove it
And ask no fairer land, no subtler art.

Some play against the hands of Time's grey tresses,
And Love turns cold, and lovers cease to see,
Some, schooled by Vanity, true Love distresses
And sends his helpless weapons far and free.
Across the faithless years we see, and wonder
What is the power that sends true Love amiss,
When hatred aids the silent tongue to blunder,
When true Love's seal is but a sacred kiss.
The toil, the strife, the rivalry around us,
The countless things mid life's tempestuous gale,
All fall to nothingness, when Love has found us
An eager listener to his morning tale.

WHERE LOVE ABIDES

Yet where true Love abides the outer glamer
Of pomp, of flash, of all the outward things
All fade before that nobler, simpler armor,
A laborer's dwelling holds the alms of kings.
There is no caste, or creed, or world envir'ment,
Nor is there any act, what e'er betides,
But dwindles in the hazes of retirement
And loses all import, where Love abides.
So we would ask that balm that aids the graces,
Celestial beings harken to that chime.
For Love came first from out the hidden spaces,
From out the vaster void of space and time.

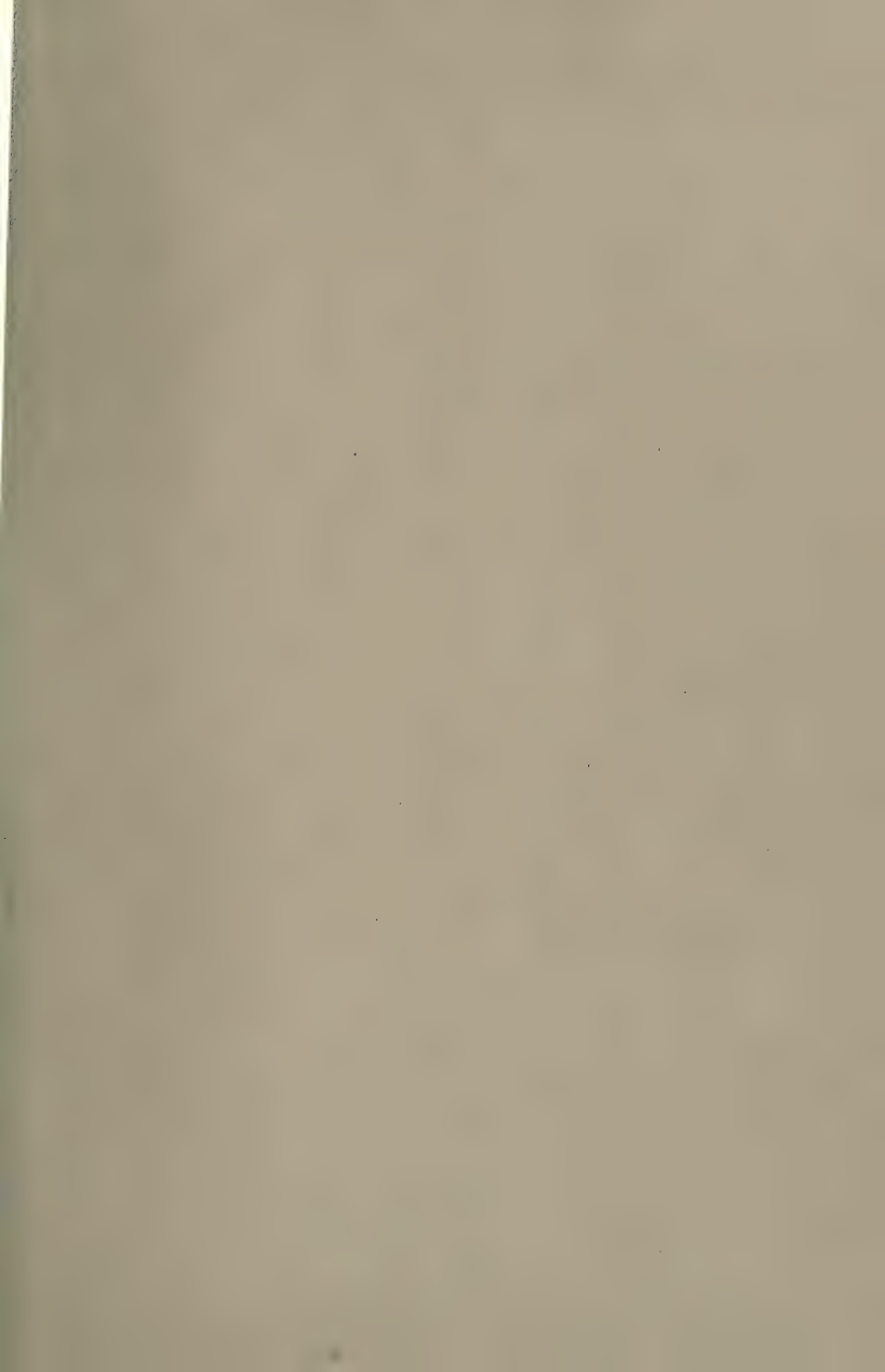
ADIOS.

*Their horses' hoofbeats ever growing fainter,
Send out their dying echoes from afar;
They sink in size, while ever Nature's painter
Frowns on the scene, those swaying objects mar.
Their short farewells were ever lightly given,
No soul regrets their smiling faces held;
Yet friends to all, their hearts were lightly driven
By impish biddings nought has ever quelled.
Ah me! far better thus, all fate defying
With youthful eyes that see, yet do not heed,
Than see the dawning years and ever sighing
Against some future day, some future need.*

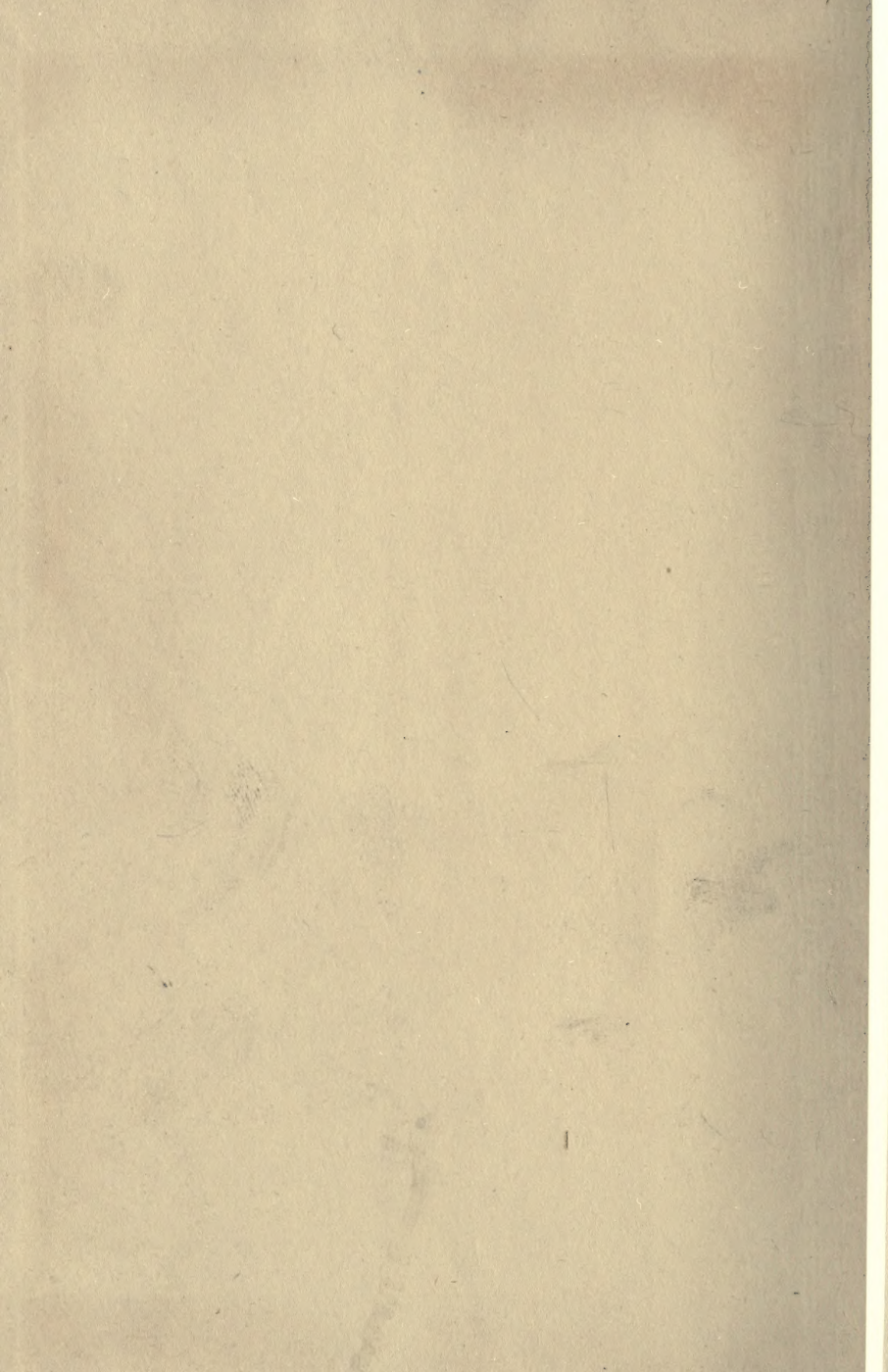
*No jester's mock, their laughs were ever truthful
Against the dawning of a Cynic Age,
As oft with ever restless feet and youthful,
They bade that fortune turn to hidden page.
So they beheld each new invasion seeing
Some hidden glimpse of what their west might be,
And in the distance saw their fair land fleeing
And cursed the power which set the far east free.
Their graves are marked by rock and ridge and
valley
With buoyant youth imprinted on each mound,
And oft in fancy, can we see them dally
Away their hours where "Realms of Rogue"
abound.*

ADIOS.

*So to the west our hearts will turn forever
And love the west as ever they have done,
The same desires will come, our bonds to sever
And cast our lot with him, the Younger Son.
For where they viewed their land, so vast, barbaric;
Where fortune's mine in youthful dreams they
sought;
Now stand the factory, the mill and derrick
To place a sterner code, more bonded lot.
Sing me the songs that cheer a western lover!
For ever far and wide their feet will range,
For deep within the heart of every rover
There lurks the passion for unending change.
So bid no sad adieu, what e'er befall them
Nor mock their aims, who seek no grander height
Than but to hear the west, alluring call them
Behind the further hill, just out of sight.*







PS
8515
A8B3

Harvey, William Earl
Ballads of the West

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY
